Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, ther's no doubt his maiestie
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie joyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo. of Darby
To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickenesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speaketh chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers.
And betwixt them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And sent to warne them t
Qu. Would all were w
I feare our happinesse is at
Glo. They do me wron
Who are they that compl
That I forsooth am sterne
By holy *Paul* they loue hi
That fill his eares with suc
Because I cannot flatter a
Smile in mens faces, smoot
Ducke with French nods,
I must be held a rankerou
Cannot a plaine man liue
But thus his simple truth m
By silken slie insinuating I
Ri. To whom in all this
Glo. To thee, that hast
When haue I iniured thee,
Or thee, or thee, or any of
A plague vpon you all.
(Whom God preserue bet
Cannot be quiet scarce a b
But you must trouble him
Qu. Brother of Glouce
The king of his owne roy
And not prouokt by any
Ayming belike at your in
Which in your outward a
Against my kinred, brothe
Makes him to send, that th
The ground of your ill wi
Glo. I cannot tell, the wo
That Wrens may prey wh
Since euery Iacke became
There's many a gentle per
Qu. Come, come, we kn
You enuie mine aduancem
God graunt we neuer may
Glo. Meane time, God g

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